

## As long as I'm here no one can hurt you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/39463377) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39463377>.

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Fandoms:	<a href="#">Rust (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Sleepy Bois Inc Playing Rust (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Hurt TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Worried Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">tommy is a manace</a> , <a href="#">Blood and Injury</a> , <a href="#">and he got shot</a> , <a href="#">Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Medical Inaccuracies</a> , <a href="#">Medical Procedures</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot Loves TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit Loves Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Childhood Trauma</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">CRIME BOYS FICS</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-06 Words: 2,682 Chapters: 1/1

# As long as I'm here no one can hurt you

by [alliummate](#)

## Summary

His eyes roll backwards, and Tommy cannot feel his legs failing and him falling.  
“I got you! I got you, Toms,” Wilbur yelps.

or, Tommy was a menace and got shot.

## Notes

Trigger alerts: There's not so graphic description of a wound and blood, but there is a description either way; blood; Wilbur has a non-explicit panic attack, yet it dragged him to have some intrusive, harmful thoughts.

This fanfiction is based [rust!crimeboys comic](#) I saw on twitter, you should check it out if you didn't already!

The walk to home is slow and wearying.

Tommy's sweating, the day is not even one of its hottest ones, but he feels warm, but also trembling cold. He blames the radiation looming them at the edges of their home.

Although he wanders for one of the longest minutes of his life, Wilbur seems to be distracted in front of him, absent-mindedly pacing as he is walking through the rocks and mountains but not climbing them.

Usually, when he gets tired and weak after they went at the sustain supermarket, Wilbur would, after Tommy annoyance and unstoppable whines (that he'll deny until the end of his short life), pick him up and carry Tommy on his back to their cosy home—yet it'd never happened before a fond fight between them.

This time Wilbur is actual mad at Tommy. Even worse, Tommy can't even say it was not his fault.

He irritated one of the salesmen after he was rude with his brother, then he broke one of those ugly as fuck snow globes that were above the counter. It is not needed to say Wilbur ended up losing his money when Tommy denied paying with his own cash. *"Fuck off, you stupid scammer wanker."*

They are without the money for fresh food, now, and Tommy lost his own allowance Wilbur gave to him when they were being chased away by the salesman under the target of his gun and his bullet.

Tommy do not regret it, though, so he permits Wilbur to yell at him during half of their wander to home without fighting back.

Now Wilbur is within half an hour without saying a thing—and very likeable to be ignoring Tommy as well. Visibly upset, nonetheless, Tommy can tell that he's mostly concern about the upcoming winter, as he's spoke to Tommy non-stop.

It brings Tommy a slight sense of guilt, but he prefers give Wilbur some time to process, to analyse the issue they are facing (because of Tommy and his holy mouth), and to conclusively bring up a better plan—during the years that, he did not count, aside Wilbur, they still didn't find an issue Wilbur couldn't solve. As well, Tommy could use this time of silence to figure a smart way to apologize to Wilbur.

It'd be less annoying whether he stops feeling like shit, all tired up, and weighty since they interrupted their running.

He can feel himself breathing heavily at every footstep, and his side hurts. Like, a lot. It burns, and Tommy is sure that it is hurting so badly because he isn't breathing right. It doesn't help the fact that he's sweating, and his mind is lazy as if it is filled up with cotton, or honey.

From far, he eyes their home beyond a small climb in the distance; he decides, from the back of his mind, that it'd be better if he asks for Wilbur's help—even if his brother is mad at him, he still blindly trusting Wilbur, without a second thought. (*And also, he feels almost worryingly weak.*)

“Wilbur...,” Tommy faintly asks, his brother, nevertheless, is moving increasingly towards the small ascent leading them to their house.

“Tommy,” Wilbur responds, sounding annoyed at Tommy's voice, not turning to see his face, “I'm not in the right space to talk with you right now. We can have a chat when we take a shower— both of us.”

Tommy would snort, but his vision begone to be filled with black, ragtag dots.

It looks just like that TV that he and Wilbur were able to turn on when they explored a radioactive area, Wilbur told him that TV's were supposed to have abundant colours in the past, but the box just showed them black and white dots moving around like crazy and that upsetting scratch sound; Tommy felt disappointed, although, he used his enrage to cheer up Wil, because his brother seemed close tears, and the last thing he wanted was to see his big brother cry because an hideous, noisy box.

He doesn't like TVs very much.

He stumbled slightly, a tad dazed, and a painful tug in his right side makes him hold the origin of the unexpected pain.

Tommy leaves a soft sigh out his chest, it makes him a bit dizzy, and his stomach balls in a distinct way that made him sick. He may puke. The mere thought makes him goosebumps—or, perhaps, it is just the cool water dripping out his forehead and hands.

“Wil,” Tommy blows his brother's name, as a whisper.

Quite urgently, Wilbur turns his body to eye Tommy. Therefore, Tommy is not glaring at his brother's back, but he tilts his head downwards and is almost unable to see the dark, purple-like, red blood staining his hand and his shirt, running between his fingers.

Tommy wobbles while standing, “Did...—” Tommy struggles to pull a full breath, “did I get shot?”

He has very little time to see his brother striding on his direction. “I don't remem...—”

His eyes roll backwards, and Tommy cannot feel his legs failing and him falling.

What he can feel, although, with an exceptional pain in his torso, is his body colliding on the safe, warm arms of his brother. What he can feel is Wilbur shaking, and the heart beating quick over his ear while his pupils tremble beneath his eyelids.

*“I got you! I got you, Toms,”* the voice echoes inside his heavy brain.

*“Just hang there a little longer.”*

*“We are almost home.”*

Wilbur wished he were exaggerating saying that he has never been so mad at Tommy as he is right now.

Unfortunately for both, he is not.

If he were a worse person, as his father and mother, he'd make Tommy hungry—from how mad he is. He'd make Tommy curl himself in the floor of their kitchen, begging Wilbur for a slice of his meat—from how mad he is. He'd make Tommy go out to search his own source of food, then destroy it in front of that stubborn, childish eyes—just from how mad he is.

Wilbur is not a good person, definitely, but he's nothing like his parents. So, after he ended his speech about *“How stupid you were, Tommy. I know how fucking inconvenient and immature you can be, but you just decided to doom us, didn't you!”* he took a long, deep breath and closed his mouth, clutching his fists for time enough to stop feeling the itch from his nails digging his palms.

They walk. The way they're taking is extender than the one they occasionally made went the market, Wilbur traced a way trough the dense forest of pine trees to lose the chaser and the bullets, now they find themselves wandering on a dry clearing.

Wilbur is lost, and Tommy doesn't seem to notice it. Which is alleviating—freeing himself from infinity questions about their location that Tommy usually does—, nevertheless makes him more infuriated from how obnoxious Tommy can be sometimes.

He knows, deep in his bones, that he is being unfair. That Tommy was, in first place, defending his honour—as Tommy endearingly always does. Yet, he's upset. And tired. And hurt. Chiefly, he's concern; concern about their food, about their occurrence lack of resources that were essentials to their survival in the foreseeable winter.

Wilbur checks his compass, the arrow aiming North. Despise being lost, Wilbur partially recognizes the vegetation closing again, barren trees being gathered in the near distance. It means they're nearby. Wilbur sighs in relieved.

Tommy, otherwise, fallows Wilbur in the heels, close enough for their comfort, also deadly quiet but his footsteps cracking the dirt beneath his shoes.

They walk out of the altogether pines, Wilbur glares at the top of their roof that appear shyly behind the irrelevant increase of ground guiding they up their home.

“Wilbur,” Tommy asks slowly.

Something in the voice of his little brother let Wilbur furrow. It is a mix of tiredness and faintness—as he usually sounds when he's sleepy.

Or when he wants to be carried. He snorts.

“Tommy, I’m not in the right space to talk with you right now. We can have a chat when we take a shower— *both of us.*”

But Tommy sighs, it is so soft and weary that makes Wilbur concern. “Wil.”

Wilbur turns.

Wilbur never felt so *scared*.

Tommy, his little brother, curled, a hand holding his side as if he were trying to keep what should be inside him. Did not work

Pallid, white as paper, white as the snow and the clouds, his little brother’s face appeared. He sweats so much his shirt and trousers are wet; yet it is not what terrifies him more, the draining blood, vibrant red, terrifies him more.

Wilbur springs to his brother frame the moment he started to wobble in front of his eyes, catching him by his arm as he fell.

Tommy feels light. He always did, actually, Tommy is a tall figure of bones and skin, so Wilbur never know when he’s in his perfect health or starving under his care. But it is different now, it feels like Tommy is being drained before his very eyes; he is being *deflated*.

“I got you! I got you, Toms,” Wilbur can’t hear his own voice above his panic. “Just hang there a little longer. We are almost home.”

Wilbur shifts his grab on Tommy’s corpse—moving him into his arms as he was a puppet without a puppeteer—wrapping Tommy under knees and his head presses weightless against his shoulder.

He mortified knows that his little brother’s blood is spotting his jumper, scattering all over the fabric, and Wilbur is about to cry; about to fall with weak knees and scream.

He walks nonetheless, sprinting in two seconds an increase that would take at least one minute to climb. He gropes his pockets, praying for a foreign God he didn’t drop his keys during their running, sobbing when he finds the key on his trouser pocket. With shivering hands, he opens the front door, unworried about closing it after he lays Tommy on the sofa.

Tommy is mortal pallid, blue lips and his veins prominent out his skin. For the best or for the worse, the bleeding stopped.

He knees aside Tommy laying body, kissing his finger’s knot of the fragile hand. “Wait a bit, for me.”

In this way Wilbur runs at the kitchen, gathering the aid kit inside one of the cabinets, and return to Tommy stagnated body.

Breathing.

Tommy still breathing.

Wilbur swallows his panic increasing into his chest, but his heart beat fast and strong enough to break his ribcage.

He's shaking, whole-bodily, and his torso wounds as if it were him who took the shot—but, he swears it was preferable to be him.

Tommy is in front of him, and all his brain repeats is *Tommy is dead, your little brother is gone, he's dead, he's gone, he's dead*—.

Absent-mindedly, he thinks what he could do without Tommy. Nothing, he believes. Whilst he's alive, Tommy is doomed to stay alive with him.

He can't lose Tommy without losing himself as well.

Albeit Tommy moves. He twitches, in fact, and Wilbur's breath stutters.

"Wilbur..." Tommy pleads, angsty, as he could hear Wilbur's dark, panic thoughts.

Wilbur fell in his knees, holding his little brother's small hand.

"I'm here, Tommy. I'm right here, sweetheart." Wilbur cries.

Tommy hums, narrowing his eyes, enough for Wilbur sights the faint greyed-blue iris.

"I'm taking care of you, alright? I'm making you fine again, as I always do?"

Tommy faintly nods, relaxing and passing out once more. Wilbur would be more distraught if the up and down of Tommy's chest didn't stay the same.

Wilbur lifts the bit of Tommy's shirt where is localized to wound, wincing from how the blood clings the top of Tommy and the wet skin.

The first thing of what he does is bring a water sopping towel from the kitchen and try to reduce the max of lost blood off Tommy's side. He does it three times and the fabric is already vibrant red painted—Wilbur must stutters a breath out from his mouth to attempt not become sick of his brother's blood.

It is a small hole in his skin, and half of the bullet is peeling out the wound as a gold coin of prize. Wilbur removes it with his bare, shivering hands, praying for the injury doesn't become infected because of his perilous methods. A sting of blood drops out of the now open injury.

Tommy turns his head sideways, bellowing because of the tugged pain, and Wilbur stroke his hair ignoring how the blood in his hand remains on the blond hair.

The next step is even simpler, he drowns the gauze on antiseptics. He held Tommy's hands as he cleaned the wound the best he could.

Tommy whined, kicks, and tears falls from his closed eyes.

Wilbur wraps it all when he's over.

All what he can do is to wait, now.

Tommy rest in the limbo for a long, unstoppable time.

The minutes became infinity, and the nights and the days meant absolutely nothing rather the repose and his deep breaths.

When he opens eyes, although, he's tired.

Not as tired as he was when he walked, Wilbur in front of him, but weary, and heavy.

He blinks and the sky is black, and starry as he eyes the opened window on the wall ahead of him from the armrest his head is emplaced on.

He knows better than trying to get up now, all his body is dead weight, or feels like it. Nonetheless, his throat is like sandpaper, and Tommy would really appreciate a glass of water now.

He complains calling Wilbur, but he wonders if his brother is awake now, whether it is a decent hour to be woke.

Tommy eyes the starts for a few more minutes, perhaps. He cannot see the constellations from here, considering the small frame of the window, therefore he tries, and is numbly satisfied as he counts the starts, renaming them or just naming the unknow ones, as he draws figures connecting dots that only makes sense into his mind.

He squints as a yellow, dim light, of whether a lamp or a candle, come downstairs with slow, mild footsteps. Soon, Wilbur is crossing the living room, going at the kitchen, unaware of his consciousness.

Tommy audibly cleans his throat, the sound reverberating into the room and disturbing the calm atmosphere of the cosy night.

Tommy chuckles as Wilbur jumps, aghast of the sudden voice.

“Wil, could you bring water for me?” Tommy asks, grinning as his brother's frame turns to sight Tommy.

The smile is ripped out his face when he sees the watery eyes of his brother. Wilbur, still holding the glimmery light into his hands, emplace the candle on the counter, then he sobs.

“Oh, Wil,” Tommy whispers.

Wilbur bents forwards, curling himself with his arms wrapped around his torso. The tears beam reflecting the candle. Tommy feels his own eyes starting to be filled with water as well, just with the vision of his brother looking that tired, crying that miserably wrecked.



Tommy opens his arms, water completely forgot, because the pain of seeing his brother upset is bigger rather the sandpaper in his mouth.

Wilbur creeps into his arms and lays in Tommy's side. Tommy wraps his arms, comforting his brother in his arms.

Yet, he's a bit confused, a bit lost about what happened to make his brother so vulnerable like it.

He knows better than ask, so he relaxes, leaves a deep, relieved breath out his lungs—it hurt a tad, but he doesn't wince—, embracing his brother.

*I love you; I trust you; I won't leave you;* he tries to say as he tightens his grip.

*I won't let you; I trust you; I love you;* Wilbur says back as he grabs the back of his t-shirt.

They sleep like that.

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